

The Mirror

OF

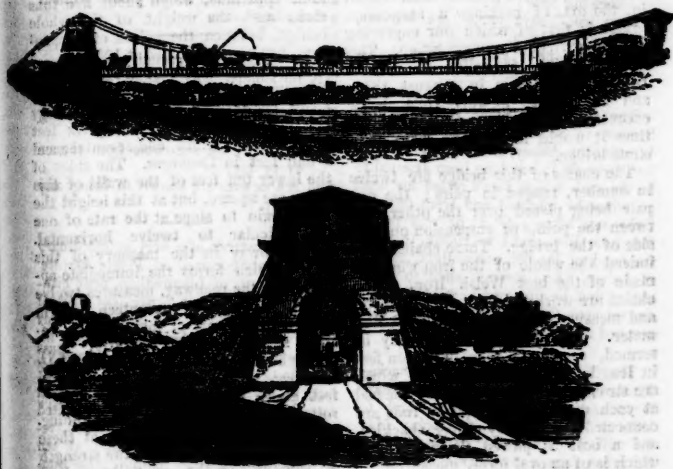
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XVIII.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1823.

[PRICE 2d.]

Iron Suspension Bridge over the Tweed.



Our engraving this week represents one of those extraordinary results of mechanical science which peculiarly distinguish the age in which we live; it is a correct viewing of the Patent wrought-iron-bar Bridge of Suspension which has been recently erected over the river Tweed, at Norham-ford, near Paxton, in Berwickshire, by Captain Samuel Brown, of the Royal Navy, who on this, as on many other occasions, has proved himself an able and ingenious engineer.

The earliest bridges of suspension of which we have any account are those of China; a country so far behind this in mechanics, that it is quite surprising we should be able to learn any thing from it. In the province of Koei-cheou, there is a bridge called the Iron-bridge, which consists of chains of iron reaching over the river, which is extremely deep and rapid, though not very broad. On each bank are raised two massy piles of masonry, to which are fastened chains that cross to the opposite side, and on these are laid broad planks.—Some of the chain bridges of China are of great extent; and Major Ren-

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nell also describes a bridge of this kind over the Sampoo, in Hindostan, of about six hundred feet in length.

In the United States of America, chain or wire bridges are very frequent; and near Philadelphia there is one of the latter description of singular strength and lightness. Although it extends over a space of upwards of four hundred feet, and is sufficiently strong to bear almost any number of persons upon it, yet the whole weight of the bridge does not amount to more than 4702 lbs. including the wire 1314 lbs. wood work 3380 lbs. and 8 lbs. of nails. Four men would construct such a bridge as this in two months, and the whole expense would not exceed sixty guineas!

In South America, suspension bridges over rivers and ravines are often constructed of ropes. A remarkable bridge of this sort, called the Penipe, crosses the Chambo, in Peru. It is suspended over a ravine, and is about eight thousand feet above the level of the ocean. This bridge is about a hundred and twenty feet long, and seven or eight broad. In some instances there is only

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a single rope, from which the traveller is suspended in a basket, and drawn across, while his mule fords the stream or clambers through the ravine.

The first chain bridge constructed in this country was Winchbridge, over the river Tees, forming a communication between the counties of York and Durham: but the greatest achievement in the art of making a suspension bridge is that of which our engraving gives so correct a representation. This bridge, which is called the Union Bridge, was begun in August 1819, and was opened in July 1820, being executed in less than one-third of the time it would have taken to erect a stone bridge.

The chains of this bridge are twelve in number, ranged in pairs; the one pair being placed over the other, between the points of suspension on each side of the bridge. These chains, and indeed the whole of the iron work, is made of the best Welsh iron. The chains are worked into a circular form, and measure about two inches in diameter. The links, as they may be termed, consist of rods of fifteen feet in length, and have bolt-holes, which are strongly welded, and neatly finished at each end. These links or rods are connected together by strong shackles, and a bolt is passed through them, which is of an oval form, measuring $2\frac{1}{2}$ by $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. At each joint of the three tiers of the catenarian chains respectively, one of the saddle pieces of cast-iron are introduced. The first saddle-piece, with its suspending rod, for example, on either side of the bridge, may be conceived as resting on the upper pair of chains; the next saddle-piece in the longitudinal direction of the roadway, rests upon the middle pair of chains, and the third upon the lower pair, and so on alternately, throughout the whole extent of the bridge. By this means all the chains bear an equal strain, and the joints are arranged in so precise and orderly a manner, that a saddle-piece and perpendicular suspending-rod occurs at every five feet, so that the distance between each pair of suspending-rods forms a space of five feet. The spaces of five feet between the suspending-rods are formed into meshes of six inches square, the height of five feet on each side of the bridge, and answer the purposes of a parapet wall for the safety of passengers.

Though the timber roadway is only about 361 feet in length, yet the chord-line of the main chains measures no less

than 432 feet between the points of suspension, with which they make an angle of about 12° , and in forming the catenarian curve-drop, at the rate of one perpendicular to about seven feet in the length of chain, the versed sine of the middle pair of chains being about 26 feet. The twelve main chains, with their apparatus, weigh about five tons each, and the weight of the whole bridge, between the points of suspension, has been estimated at 100 tons.

On the Scotch side of the river, the catenarian chains pass over a pillar of aisler masonry, which measures sixty feet in height, is about thirty-six feet in its medium width, and seventeen and a half feet in thickness. The sides of the lower ten feet of the walls of this pillar are square, but at this height the walls begin to slope at the rate of one perpendicular to twelve horizontal. The archway in the masonry of this pillar, which forms the immediate approach to the roadway, measures twelve feet in width, and seventeen feet in height. Each pair of main chains, being suspended horizontally, pass through corresponding apertures in the masonry, at the distance of about two feet above one another, and go over rollers connected with the building. The links of the main chains at these points are made as short as the strength or thickness of the iron will permit of their being welded, in order that they may pass over the rollers, without distorting or unduly straining the iron. After going through the masonry of the pillar, the chains are continued in a sloping direction to the ground. Here they are sunk to the depth of twenty-four feet, where they pass through great ballast-plates of cast-iron, into which they are stopped by a strong iron spear or bolt, of an oval form, measuring three inches by three and a half inches in thickness. The cast-iron ballast plates measure six feet in length, five feet in breadth, and five inches in thickness in the central parts; but towards the edge, they diminish in thickness to two and a half inches. The ends of the chains thus fixed, are loaded with mound-stones and earthy matters, to the level of the roadway of the bridge.

On the south side of the Tweed, the pillar or tower of masonry forming the abutment or point of suspension, is built upon a bench or foundation, excavated in the face of a precipitous sandstone rock, and is only about twenty feet in height, but its other dimensions correspond with the upper part of the masonry on the Scotch side.

The roadway is made of timber, on which iron cart-tracks are laid for the carriage wheels. It is eighteen feet in width, and 361 feet in length. The main beams or joisting, measures fifteen inches in depth, and seven inches in thickness. The timber flooring or planks are twelve inches in breadth, and three inches in thickness. This great platform is suspended at the height of twenty-seven feet above the surface of the summer water of the river. It is also made to rise about two feet in the centre, and is finished on each side with a cornice of fifteen inches in depth.

The roadway is suspended from the catenarian or main chains by circular rods of iron, which measure one inch in diameter. These perpendicular rods are wedged into caps or pieces of cast-iron, called saddles, which are placed at the distance of five feet apart, and are made to rest upon the shackles or joints of the chains. The attaching of the lower ends of these rods to the beams of the platform which they pass through, is by their embracing a bar of iron which runs along the whole extent of the bridge under the beams of the roadway, on each side. These bars measure three inches in depth, and they are connected with the suspending rods by a spear or bolt, which, in a very simple manner, completes the connexion of the roadway with the perpendicular suspending rods, and chains. The whole works of the Union-bridge, for masonry, carpentry, and smithery, were undertaken by Captain Brown for the sum of about 5,000*l*. whilst the execution of a bridge of stone must have cost at least four times that sum. The object of its projector, says Mr. Stevenson (from whose paper we abridge this article), was not the realization even of the cost of this bridge, but chiefly with a view to show the application of chain-cables to his favourite object of bridge-building. The trustees for this bridge have, however, presented Captain Brown with 1000 guineas since the completion of the work, over and above his estimated price.

THE LADY BURIED ALIVE.

"How, if when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake.....
.....there's a fearful point."

ROMEO AND JULIET.

In the *Causes Célèbres*, we find the following romantic story related as

having actually occurred in France, and been the cause of a judicial proceeding in the courts of that country; with what truth will be afterwards seen.

"Two merchants, living in the street St. Honorius, were connected with each other by the most sacred and inviolable ties of friendship, possessed of equal fortunes, and both engaged in the same branch of trade. The one had a son, and the other a daughter, nearly of the same age. The first sentiments which made the daughter sensible that she was capable of love, also convinced her that her heart belonged to the son, who, in his turn, was no less attached to her. This reciprocal inclination was encouraged and kept up by frequent visits authorized by both fathers, who with pleasure observed the disposition of their children exactly suited to the intention they had of rendering them husband and wife. Accordingly a marriage was about to be concluded between them, when a rich collector of the king's revenues made his addresses to the lady as a lover. The delusive charms of a superior fortune soon induced her parents to change their resolution with respect to their neighbour's son, and the lady's aversion to her new lover being surmounted by her filial duty, she married the collector, and, like a virtuous woman, discharged the gentleman whom she loved from ever seeing her again. The melancholy brought on by an engagement so fatal to her happiness, threw her into a disorder in which her senses were so locked up, that she was taken for dead, and interred as such.

"We may readily suppose her first lover was not the last person who heard the account of this melancholy accident; but as he remembered that she had before been seized with a violent paroxysm of lethargy, he flattered himself that her late misfortune might possibly be produced by the same cause. This opinion not only alleviated his sorrow, but induced him to bribe the grave-digger, by whose assistance he raised her from her tomb, and conveyed her to a proper chamber, where, by the use of all the expedients he could possibly imagine, he happily restored her to life.

"The lady, probably, was in no small consternation, when she found herself in a strange house, saw her darling lover sitting by her bed, and heard the detail of all that had befallen her during her lethargic paroxysm. It was no hard task to make her

entertain a grateful sense of the obligation she lay under to her deliverer. The love she had borne him proved a moving and pathetic orator in his behalf: so that, when she was perfectly recovered, she justly concluded that her life belonged to him who had preserved it; and, to convince him of her affection, went along with him to England, where they lived for several years, superlatively happy in all the tender endearments of mutual love.

"About ten years after, they went to Paris, where they lived without any care to conceal themselves, because they imagined that nobody would ever suspect what had happened: but as fortune is too often an implacable enemy to the most sincere and rapturous love, the collector unluckily met his wife in a public walk, when the sight of her well-known person made such an impression on his mind that the persuasion of her death could not efface it. For this reason, he not only accused her, but, notwithstanding the discourse she used in order to impose upon him, parted from her fully persuaded that she was the very woman to whom he had been married, and for whose death he had gone into mourning.

"As the whimsical nature of this event clothed the lady with a set of charms, which the collector never before imagined her to be mistress of, he not only discovered her apartments at Paris, in spite of all the precautions she had taken to conceal herself, but also claimed her as his spouse before the court authorized to decide in similar cases. In vain did the lover insist upon the right he had to her, resulting from the care he had taken of her. To no purpose did he represent, that without the measures taken by himself, the lady would have been rotting in her grave,—that his adversary had renounced all claim to her by ordering her to be interred—that he might be justly arraigned as a murderer, for not using the precautions necessary to ascertain her death, and a thousand other reasons, suggested by love, which is always ingenious where it is sincere. But, perceiving that the court was not likely to prove favourable to him, he resolved not to stay for its decision, and, accordingly, made his escape along with the lady to a foreign climate, where their love continued sacred and entire, till death conveyed them to those happy regions where love knows no end, and is confined within no limits."

Some defects in the story, as thus

given, will at once occur to every one. It is not said *when* it happened, or *what court* it came before; and to account for the want of any record of the judgment pronounced on the case, the parties are made to evade judgment by flying into a foreign country. It is, in fact, altogether, but an imperfect version of the incident which is said to have really occurred, not any where in France, but at Florence, during the great plague, in the year 1400. Dominico Maria Manni, who relates the story, says, that the sepulchre in which the lady was entombed alive was "pointed out even in his day;" and that the path by which she returned to the land of the living had, from this event, received, and was still known by the *Way of Death*. The name of the Florentine heroine was Ginevra de Amerigo, and that of her lover Antonio Rondinelli. A father's tyranny, as in the French story, separated those whom nature seemed to have destined for each other; "bathed in tears, Ginevra received the wedding-ring from the hand of a man who had no place in her heart." On the breaking out of the plague, shortly after, she becomes ill, dies (to all appearance), and is buried the same day; "the law," says Manni, "not, perhaps, then existing, which requires that the dead should be kept at least twenty-four hours above ground."—Ginevra's lover does not, like the Gaul, disinter her on a mere speculation of restoring her to life—a clumsy and improbable contrivance; but, in the dead of night, Ginevra herself awakes in the tomb to all the horrors of her situation, forces her way out, and, as becomes a dutiful wife, (albeit in her shroud) hastens to her still weeping and disconsolate husband. A succession of adventures now awaits the wife alive again, which form, indeed, an admirable foundation for a *cause célèbre*, although they do not appear to have been so esteemed by the French compiler, who has given the story a turn which excludes them entirely. On knocking at the door of her husband, he looks out from the window, and, terrified at the sight of what he conceives to be the ghost of his departed wife, he hastily conjures it to depart in peace, and, before there is time to undeceive him, shuts the window, and will not face the spirit again. Dreadfully shocked at this reception, poor Ginevra has scarcely life and strength enough left to reach her father's house; but there also her

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appearance produces only terror and dismay, and a second time she is dismissed with a *Go in peace, blessed Spirit*. A beloved uncle lived not far distant, and to his door she crawled next. Alas! he is even more frightened than either husband or father; and, instead of the *Go in peace, blessed Spirit*, he is only able to stammer out some unintelligible ejaculations, while he elaps the door in her face. Ginevra could bear this denying of house and home no longer; she sunk on the ground "under the little terrace of St. Bartholomew," and fell as if she was now about to die in good earnest. A thought of her first lover, Rondinelli, now crossed her mind. "Ah!" sighed she, "he surely would not have thus turned me away." The idea gave, happily, a reviving turn to her thoughts. "And why," said she, "may I not try whether he will receive me now, that every one else rejects me?" The way was long to his house; but, gathering strength from the new hopes which began to animate her, she gained his threshold, and knocked. Rondinelli himself opened the door. He also thought the figure before him some unearthly visitant, but nothing dismayed, asked it calmly "Whose spirit it was?" and "What it wanted?" Ginevra, tearing aside the shroud from her face, exclaimed, with an agonized voice, "I am no spirit, Antonio! I am that Ginevra you once loved, but who was buried—buried alive!" She could say no more, but dropped senseless into his arms. Rondinelli, whom one moment had made the most astonished, delighted, and yet alarmed of human beings, soon brought the whole of his family around the fair sufferer by his cries and exclamations. She was instantly put into a warm bed, and, with the help of proper restoratives, was, next day, able to join the family circle of her lover, and in a few days more was as healthy and blooming as ever! What was now to be done? Was Ginevra to return to the husband from whom the grave had separated her, and to whom she had never been attached? or was she to find a new one in the man she had first and always loved, and who had received her into his arms when all the rest of the world had, as it were, cast her out? Love and gratitude decided the question; and, with the consent and privacy of Rondinelli's nearest relations, the two lovers were made one. Unlike the hero and heroine of the French tale, they fled not, however, to a foreign

land to conceal their loves; for, on the first Sunday after their nuptials, they appeared publicly together at the cathedral of Florence. The friends of Ginevra instantly recognising her, were confounded with astonishment; they crowded around her, and, as curiosity and affection dictated, showered on her their questions and congratulations. She explained to them the various circumstances attending her resuscitation; reminded them how one after another they had turned her from their doors; and declared that when thus rejected and disowned by her husband and kindred, she had found a protector (taking Rondinelli by the hand), in one to whom all her love and all her duty were now transferred. Her first husband, however, having no mind to be thus discarded, insisted strongly on his previous right, a right which, as he alleged, nothing but death in earnest could dissolve. An appeal was made to the bishop, with whom it lay to decide in such matters. The case was solemnly argued before him; and, to conclude the striking differences between the Italian story and the French version of it,—neither did the lovers evade the decision, nor had they any occasion to evade it. The bishop (Oh! most excellent bishop!) decided, that, under all circumstances, the first husband had forfeited all right, not only to the person of Ginevra, but to the dowry he had received with her, which he was ordered to pay over to Rondinelli.—*Relics of Literature.*

MARCH.

Among the Romans, March was the first month; and in some ecclesiastical computations, that order is still preserved, as particularly in reckoning the number of years from the incarnation of our Saviour, which is done from the 25th of March. In England (before the alteration of the style), March, properly speaking, was the first month in order, the new year commencing from the 25th; though, in complaisance to the customs of our neighbours, we usually ranked it as the third; but, in this respect, we spoke one way and wrote another. Till the year 1564, the French reckoned the beginning of their year from Easter, so that there were two months of March in one year, one of which they called *March before Easter*, and the other *March after Easter*; and when Easter fell within the month of March, the beginning of the month was in one year, and the end in another.—It was Romulus who

divided the year into months: to the first of which he gave the name of his supposed father, Mars. Ovid, however, differs from this account. In this month it was that the Romans sacrificed to Anna Perenna; that they began their comitia; that they adjudged their public farms and leases; that the mistresses served the slaves and servants at table, as the masters did in the Saturnalia; and that the vestals renewed the sacred fire. The month of March was always under the protection of Minerva, and always consisted of 31 days. The antients held it an unhappy month for marriage, as well as the month of May.—The following are English proverbs relating to this month:—"March hack-ham, comes in like a lion, goes out like a lamb." "A bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom." "March winds and May sun, make clothes white and maids dun." "The March sun causeth dust, and the wind blows it about."

P. T. W.

* For dust helpeth the fruitfulness of trees, insomuch as they cast dust upon them: that powdering, when a shower cometh, making a soiling to the trees, being earth and water finely laid on.

ST. DAVID'S DAY—THE FIRST OF MARCH.

*March, various, fierce, and wild, with wind-crackt cheeks,
By wilder Welshmen led, and crows'd
with leeks.* CHURCHILL.

St. David, Archbishop of Menevy, now from him called St. David's, in Pembrokeshire, flourished in the fifth and sixth centuries of the Christian era, and died at the age of a hundred and forty years. See Pitt's *de illustribus Angliæ Scriptoribus*.

We read in the *Festa Anglo-Romana*, small 8vo. Lond. 1678, p. 29, that "the Britons on this day constantly wear a leek, in memory of a famous and notable victory obtained by them over the Saxons; they, during the battle, having leeks in their hats for their military colours, and distinction of themselves, by the persuasion of the said prelate, Saint David." Another account adds, that they were fighting under their king Cadwallo, near a field that was replenished with that vegetable.

So Mr. Walpole, in his *British Traveller*, tells us, "in the days of King Arthur, St. David won a great victory over the Saxons, having ordered every

one of his soldiers to place a leek in his cap, for the sake of distinction; in memory whereof the Welsh to this day wear a leek on the 1st of March.

Mr. Jones, Bard to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, communicated the following lines, which he extracted from a manuscript in the British Museum: a collection of Pedigrees made by one of the Randall Holmes. Harl. MS. 1977, fol. 9.

"I like the Leeke above all herbes and flowers,

When first we wore the same the field was ours.

The Leeke is white and greene, whereby is ment

That Britaines are both stout and eminent;

Next to the Lion and the Unicorn,
The Leeke the fairest embllyn that is worne."

In the "Royal Apophthegms," of King James, &c. 12mo. Lond. 1658, I read the following in the first page.

"The Welshmen, in commemoration of the great fight by the Black Prince of Wales, do wear leeks as their chosen ensign," and the Episcopal Almanack for 1677, states that St. David, who was of royal extraction, and uncle to King Arthur, "died, aged a hundred and forty-six years, on the 1st of March, still celebrated by the Welsh, perchance to perpetuate the memory of his abstinence, whose contented mind made many a favourite meal on such roots of the earth."

The commemoration of the British victory, however, appears to afford the best solution of wearing the Leek.

For a Life of St. David, Patron Saint of Wales (who according to a Welsh pedigree, was son of Caredig, Lord of Cardiganshire, and his mother Non, daughter of Ynyr, of Caer Gawch,) see *Anglia Sacra*, vol. II. The battle gained over the Saxons, by King Cadwallo, at Hethfield or Hatfield Chace, in Yorkshire, A. D. 633, is mentioned in *Britannia Sancta*, vol. II. p. 163: in *Lewis's Hist. of Britain*, p. 215, 217; in *Jeffrey of Monmouth*, *Engl. Translat. Book XII. chap. 8 and 9*; and in *Carte's History of England*, vol. I. p. 228.

In Shakspeare's play of "King Henry the Fifth," Act V. Scene 1, Gower asks Fluellen, "But why wear you your leek to-day? St. Davy's Day is past." From Fluellen's reply we gather, that he wore his leek in consequence of an affront he had received, but the day before, from Pistol, whom he afterwards compels to eat the leek, skin and

all, in revenge for the insult; quaintly observing to him, "When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at them, that is all." Gower too upbraids Pistol for mocking "at an ancient tradition—begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour."

Owen, in his *Cambrian Biography*, 8vo. Lond. 1803, p. 86, says, "In consequence of the Romances of the middle ages, which created the Seven Champions of Christendom, St. David has been dignified with the title of the Patron Saint of Wales; but this rank, however, is hardly known among the people of the Principality, being a title diffused among them from England in modern times. The writer of this account never heard of such a Patron Saint, nor of the leek as his symbol, until he became acquainted therewith in London." He adds, "The wearing of the leek on St. David's Day probably originated from the custom of Cymhortha, or the neighbourly aid practised among farmers, which is of various kinds. In some districts of South Wales, all the neighbours of a small farmer without means, appoint a day when they all attend to plough his land, and the like; and at such a time it is a custom for each individual to bring his portion of leeks, to be used in making pottage for the whole company; and they bring nothing else but the leeks in particular for the occasion."

Early on the 1st of March, the young maidens of the village of Steban Hethe, now called Stepney, used to resort to Goodman's Fields, the only remains of which now not built upon is the Tenter-ground, in search of a blade of grass of a *reddish tint*; the charm being that the fortunate finder obtained the husband of her wishes within the month.

GEOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTION OF THE ISLE OF MATRIMONY.

The Isle of Matrimony is situated on the extremities of the torrid and frozen zones, and consequently the temperature of the air must be very various and unsettled, as the bitterest cold morning has been frequently known to succeed the warmest evening. During the spring, this island experiences the most sultry heats, and this to so great an excess, that the heads of its inhabitants are frequently turned, and there is perhaps no island rising above the surface of the ocean in which are found so many lunatics. The summers, how-

ever, are more temperate and refreshing, and the gentle breezes that are wafted from the continent of Prudence sometimes remove the evils occasioned by the violence of the spring. The autumn is a busy and disagreeable season, for then the mind of every thoughtful inhabitant is perpetually employed in the care of their *tender vines*, in bringing their fruit to perfection, and in finding a proper market for them; but many of their vines are frequently destroyed in their bloom, by too tender a treatment, and still more are ruined by the pestiferous blights from the eastern regions of Luxury. The winters in this island are horrible indeed; for howling and freezing winds from the dreary regions of the north confine the inhabitants to their houses, and sometimes to their beds. At this season the men grow fretful and surly, and the women loquacious, and scold immoderately.—There is one thing peculiar to this island (if we may believe what Voltaire says), "that strangers are desirous of settling there, while its natural inhabitants would be gladly banished from it." Whoever takes up his abode on this island, must, by the laws of it, connect himself with a partner, and such partnership nothing can dissolve but the death of one of them, in which case it has frequently been observed that the surviving party has instantly quitted this island, and returned to it no more. When strangers first come here, they are highly delighted with the external appearance of harmony between each person and their partner; but they no sooner make a settlement here themselves, than they find that the nocturnal disease, called by the inhabitants a *certain lecture*, destroys all their felicity. Among the politer part of the inhabitants of this island, it is very unfashionable for two partners to be seen in the same company; and it is too common for one to connive at the other's dealing in *contraband goods*, though the laws are very severe against it, and punish the offenders with heavy fines and disgrace. Yet the law has no terrors for many. The arms of this island, by which it is distinguished from all others, are, a plain ring, or, on a field sable, the supporters, Bacchus and Morpheus; the motto, *miseri cordia mihi!* and the crest, a death's head upon an hour-glass. The usual diversion of these people is cards, with which both parties frequently try who shall first ruin the other; but matrimonial partners

are never suffered to play in the same company, unless their behaviour announces them utter strangers to each other. People in general, on their first settlement in this island, are, as it were, enchanted with the beautiful appearance of what is here called the *Honey Moon*; but many of them, before they have a month inhabited the island, find that what appeared to them at first as a most resplendent luminary, is nothing but a phantom, a mere vapour of the imagination. Yet this island may be considered as the garden of pleasure and the centre of all human happiness, in comparison to Bachelor's Island, which is the abode of vexation, the den of discontent, and the vale of misery.

EDWIN.

EPITAPHS.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

SIR—As you appear to appropriate a corner in THE MIRROR to the notice of singular Epitaphs, &c. I beg to send to you the following, which has been recently engraven on a tomb-stone in the church-yard of St. Peter's (a village in the Isle of Thanet), the same being without any date:

"In memory of George Hill, who lost his life in the 28th year of his age, by a fall from the Cliff at Kingsgate."

Underneath which is inscribed, in pencil,

"Against his will
Here lies George Hill;
Who from a cliff
Fell down quite stiff;

When it happened is not known,
Therefore not mentioned on this stone."

And lower down are the following lines (also in pencil)—

"At home, by the powers, the Hills
are not so;
With us they're above us—but here
they're below."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant.

TOM.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH GLUTTON.

Puisque les choses sont ainsi, je prétend aussi avoir mon franc-parler.

D'ALEMBERT.

This is confessedly the age of confession—the era of individuality—the triumphant reign of the first person singular. Writers no longer talk in generals. All their observations are bounded in the narrow compass of self.

They think only of number one. *Ego sum* is on the tip of every tongue and the nib of every pen, but the remainder of the sentence is unuttered and unwritten. The rest of his species is now nothing to any one individual. There are no longer any idiosyncrasies in the understanding of our essayists, for one common characteristic runs through the whole range. Egotism has become as endemical to English literature as the plague to Egypt, or the scurvy to the northern climes. Every thing is involved in the simple possessives *me* and *mine*—and we all cry out in common chorus,

What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come mine own?

Since, then, the whole tribe of which I am an unworthy member, have one by one poured out their souls into the confiding and capacious bosom of the public; since the goodly list of scribblers, great and small, from the author of *Eloise* to the inventor of *Vortigern*—since the Wine-drinker, the Opium-eater, the Hypochondriac, and the Hypercritic, have in due succession "told their fatal stories out," I cannot, in justice to my own importance, or honesty to the world, leave the blank unfilled, which stands gaping to receive the Confessions of a Glutton, and thus put the last leaf on this branch of periodical personality.

I have one appalling disadvantage beside my contemporaries, in that want of sympathy which I am sure to experience from readers in general. Many a man will be too happy to acknowledge himself hypochondriacal—it is the fashion. Others are to be found, in great abundance, who will bravely boast of their spungy intemperance, and be proud of their brotherhood with the drunkard. Even opium-eating, like snuff-taking, may come into vogue, and find unblushing proselytes—but who will profess himself a slave to gluttony—the commonest failing of all? Nevertheless, with all the chances of public odium and private reprobation impending over me, I hasten to the performance of my duty, and I am proud to consider myself a kind of literary Curtius, leaping willingly into the gulf, to save my fellow-citizens by my own sacrifice.

The earliest date which I am able to affix to the development of my propensity is the month of August 1764, at which period, being then precisely two years and two months old, I remember well my aunt Griselda having surprised

me in an infantine but desperate excess, for which she punished me with a very laudable severity. This circumstance made a great impression on me; and without at all lessening my propensity, added considerably to my prudence. My voracity was infinite, and my cunning ran quite in a parallel line. I was

"Fox in stealth, wolf in greediness."

I certainly eat more than any six children, yet I was the very picture of starvation. Lank, sallow, and sorrow-stricken, I seemed the butt against which stinginess had been shooting its shafts. I attacked every one I met with the most clamorous cries for cakes or bread. I watched for visitors, and thrust my hands into their pockets with most piteous solicitings, while aunt Griselda bit her lips for anger, and my poor mother, who was a different sort of person, used to blush to the eyes for shame, or sit silently weeping, as she contemplated the symptoms of my disgraceful and incurable disease. In the mean time every thing was essayed, every effort had recourse to, to soften down the savageness of my rage for food, or at least to turn what I ate to good account. I was pampered and crammed, with my increasing years, like a Norfolk turkey—I had an unlimited credit at the pastry-cook's shop, and the run of the kitchen at home, but in vain. The machinery of my stomach refused to perform its functions. I think I must have swallowed every thing the wrong way, or have been unconsciously the prey of an interminable intestine war; for every article of sustenance took, as it were, a peculiar and perpendicular growth, but never turned into those lateral folds of flesh, which produce the comfortable clothing of men's ribs in general. At fourteen years of age I was five feet ten inches high, covered almost entirely with the long hair that boys come home with at the Christmas holidays from a Yorkshire cheap academy—my bones forcing their way through my skin—and my whole appearance the fac-simile of famine and disease—yet I never had a complaint, except not getting enough to eat.

I am thus particular as to my appearance at this period, in the hope, that by this exposure of an unvarnished portrait, I may excite some commiseration for sufferings, which did not proceed from my own wicked will. I was constitutionally a glutton: nature had stamped the impress of greediness

upon me at my birth, or before it. In the suckling tenderness of infancy, and the upshooting of boyhood, it was the preponderating characteristic of my nature—no self-begot habit, growing on by little and little, fostered by indulgence, and swelled out, until it became too large for the constitution that enshrined it, like those geese-livers which are expanded by a particular preparation, until they become, as a body might say, bigger than the unhappy animals to which they belong. Will you not then, reader, grant me your compassion for my inadvertent enormities? Must I look in vain for the sympathizing tear of sensibility falling to wash out the scorching errors of invincible appetite—as forcible at least as the invincible ignorance of heresy, for which even there is hope in the semi-benignant bosom of the church? To you I appeal, ye cooks by profession—ye gormandizers by privilege—to the whole board of Aldermen—to the shade of Mrs. Glass—to Mrs. Ruddled, Doctor Kitchener, and the rest of the list of gastronomical literati, who, in teaching the world the science of good living, must have some yearnings, one would think, for those victims whom ye lead into the way of temptation.

But lest this unsupported appeal to the melting charities of mankind might be ineffectual in its naked exhibition, I shall proceed to cover it with a short detail of some of the particular horrors to which I have been a prey for upwards of half a century, and I think it must be a hard heart that will then refuse me its pity, and a ravenous maw that will not involuntarily close, to shut out the possibility of sufferings like mine.

Up to the age of fifteen, when I presented the appearance faintly sketched above, I may be considered to have gone on mechanically gormandizing, with nothing to distinguish my way of doing so from that common animal appetite which is given, in different proportions, to all that creep, or walk, or swim, or fly. Those vulgar gluttonies, thus eating for eating sake, unconnected with mental associations, have no interest and no dignity. A man who supplies instinctively his want of food, without choice or taste, is truly *Epicuri de grege porcus*, or may be compared rather to the *Porcus Trojanus* of the ancients, a wild boar stuffed with the flesh of other animals—a savoury, punning parody upon the Trojan horse. Such a man is no better than a digest-

ing automaton—a living mass of forced meat—an animated sausage.

I was sent home from six successive schools, on various pretences; but the true reason was, that inordinate craving which no indulgence could satisfy. I eat out of all proportion; and my father was obliged to take me entirely to himself. My mother was miserable, but of inexhaustible generosity; my aunt Griselda was dead, and I had no check upon me. Doctors from all parts were consulted on my case. Innumerable councils and consultations were held, ineffectually, to ascertain whether that refrigeration of stomach, which they all agreed was the primal cause of my malady, was joined with dryness, contraction, vellitation, or absterision. They tried every remedy and every regimen, without success. The fact was, I wanted nothing but food, for which they would have substituted physic. So that between my mother and my physicians, I had both in abundance—and for the mind as well as the body. The *ψυχὴ ἰατρεῖον* was plentifully supplied me by my father, for I had natural parts, and loved reading. But the whole turn of my studies was bent towards descriptions of feasts and festivals. I devoured all authors, ancient or modern, who bore at all upon my pursuit. Appetite, mental as well as bodily, grew by what it fed on; and I continually chewed, as it were, the cud of my culinary knowledge. I rummaged Aristophanes for the Grecian repasts, and thumbed over Macrobius and Martial for the Roman. While seizing on every delicacy within my reach, I feasted my imagination with dainties not to be got at—the Phrygian attigan, Ambracian kid, and Melian crane. I revered the memory of Sergius Arata, who, we are told by Pliny, was the inventor of oyster-beds; of Hortensius the orator, who first used peacock at supper; of Vitellius, Apicius, and other illustrious Romans,

Their sumptuous gluttonies and gorgeous feasts.

These classical associations refined my taste, and seemed to impart a more acute and accurate power to my palate. As I began to feel their influence, I blushed for the former grossness of my nature, and shrunk from the common gratification to which I had been addicted. I felt an involuntary loathing towards edibles of a mean and low-lived nature. I turned with disgust from the common casualties of a family

dinner, and began to view with unutterable abhorrence shoulders of mutton, beef, and cabbage, and the like. A feeling, I should rather say a *passion*, (the technical phrase at present for every sensation a little stronger than ordinary,) a passion seemed to have taken possession of my mind for culinary refinements, dietetic dainties—the *delicata fercula*, fit only for superior tastes, but incomprehensible to the profane. A new light seemed breaking on me; a new sense, or at least a considerable improvement on my old sense of tasting, seemed imparted to me by miracle. My notions of the dignity of appetite became expanded; I no longer looked on man as a mere masticating machine—the butcher and sepulchre of the animal world. I took a more elevated view of his powers and properties, and I felt as though imbued with an essence of pure and ethereal epicurism, if I may so express myself—and why may I not?—my contemporaries would not flinch from the phrase.

My father was a plain sort of man—liked plain speaking, plain feeding, and so on. But he had his antipathies—and among them was roast-pig. Had he lived to our times, he might probably have been won over by a popular essay on the subject, which describes, in pathetic phrase, the manifold delights attending on that dish—the fat, which is no fat—the lean which is not lean—the eyes melting from their sockets, and other tender touches of description. Be this as it may, my unenlightened parent would never suffer roast-pig upon his table, and so it happened, that, at sixteen years of age, I had never seen one. But on the arrival of that anniversary, I was indulged by my mother with a most exquisite and tender two-months porker, in all its sucking innocence, and succulent delight, as the prime dish in that annual birthday feast, to which I was accustomed, in my own apartment—all doors closed—no ingress allowed—no intruding domestics—no greedy companions to divide my indulgencies—no eyes to stare at me, or rob me of a portion of the pleasure with which I eat in, as it were, in vision, the spirit of every anticipated preparation, while savoury fragrance was wafted to my brain, and seemed to float over my imagination in clouds of incense, at once voluptuous and invigorating. Ah, this is the true enjoyment of a feast! On the present occasion, I sat in the full glory of my solitude—sublimely individual, as the Grand Lama of Thibet, or the Brother

of the Sun and Moon. The door was fastened—the servant evaporated; a fair proportion of preparatory foundation—soup, fish, &c.—had been laid in *secundum artem*—the *mensa prima*, in short, was just despatched, when I gently raised the cover from the dish, where the beautiful porker lay smoking in his rich brown symmetry of form and hue, enveloped in a vapour of such deliciousness, and floating in a gravy of indescribable perfection! After those delightful moments of dalliance (almost dearer to the epicure than the very fulness of actual indulgence) were well over—after my palate was prepared by preliminary inhaleds of the odorous essence—I seized my knife and fork, and plunged in *medias res*. Never shall I forget the flavour of the first morsel—it was sublime! But oh! it was, as I may say, the last; for losing, in the excess of over-enjoyment, all presence of mind and management of mouth, I attacked, without economy or method, my inanimate victim. It was one of my boyish extravagancies to conform myself in these my solitary feasts to the strict regulations of Roman custom. I began with an egg, and ended with an apple, and flung into the fire-place (as there was no fire, it being summer season) a little morsel, as an offering to the *dii patellarii*.—On this occasion, however, I forgot myself and my habits—I rushed, as it were, upon my prey—slashed right and left, through crackling, stuffing, body, and bones. I flung aside the knife and fork—seized in my hands the passive animal with indiscriminate voracity—thrust whole ribs and limbs at once into my mouth—crammed the delicious ruin by wholesale down my throat, until at last my head began to swim—my eyes seemed starting from their sockets—a suffocating thickness seemed gathering (no wonder) in my throat—a fulness of brain seemed bursting through my skull, my veins seemed swelled into gigantic magnitude—I lost all reason and remembrance, and fell, in that state, fairly under the table.

This, reader, is what we call, in common phrase, a surfeit. But what language may describe its consequences, or give a just expression to the sufferings it leaves behind? The first awakening from the apoplectic trance, as the lancet of the surgeon gives you a hint that you are alive, when the only taste upon the tongue—the only object in the eye—the only flavour in the nostril, is the once-loved, but now deep-

loathed dish! The deadly sickening with which one turns, and twists, and closes one's lids, and holds one's nose, and smacks one's lips—to shut out, and stifle, and shake off the detested sight, and smell, and taste: but in vain, in vain, in vain! But let me not press the point. Forty-two years have passed since that memorable day—forty thousand recollections of that infernal pig have flashed across my brain, and fastened on my palate, and fumigated my olfactory; and there they are, every one, as fresh—What do I say? a million times more fresh and more intolerable than ever. Faugh!—It comes again.—*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*.

(To be concluded in our next.)

RURAL FELICITY.

When Village Bells ringing,—and Village Lads singing,
Spreads news of a Wedding around;
Each heart beats with pleasure—to
Joy's lyric measure,
And Ecstasy lives in the sound!
Strew'd with roses, the hours dance
with rapture before us,
Each voice breathes the muse of Love's
happy chorus;—
Round Cupid's gay shrine sweetest
flowerets are springing,
The Maiden's cheeks burn while the
Roundelay's singing,
And Lovers' hearts throb while they
hear the peal ringing,
That tells of a Village's Wedding!
New European Magazine.

PETER PINDARICS;

OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

No. III.

THE FRENCHMAN AND PIGS.

A Frenchman in a luckless hour
Sought shelter from a sudden shower
Beneath a gateway, where he viewed
A sow with all her motley brood
Of little pigs: "Ah! ah!" quoth he,
"Of colour quel diversité;
Beaucoup I admire dese little ting,
Ma foi, dey thought of eating bring;
En vérité, as I'm one sinner,
'Twould make a magnifique grand dinner!
But den de English laws so strick,
Dey people hang for such a trick;
And though de hunger be bad ting,
Me rather dat than take one swing;
But no one see, and if I 'scape,
And no fear come from my neck cape;
Oh den 'twould be a charmant treat,
Like gourmand, roasty pig to eat;
Ma foi, ma foi, as I'm one sinner,
'Twould make a magnifique grand dinner!"

The point thus argued, one he seized,
And placed beneath his coat, well pleased:—

When piggy squeaked so long and loud,
As sooth alarmed the neighbouring crowd;

The mother sow loud grunted too,
And piglings, to their brother true,
Soon gave the Frenchman cause to rue.

Swift off he ran—but closely follow'd;
Stop thief! stop thief! the people halloo'd!

In vain, alas! was all confession,
The pig was found in his possession;
Examined straight, and guilty found,
The culprit humbly bowed around,
And said—"Messieurs, attendez-vous,
To what I now parlez to you—
'Tis true each vord vat I shall say,
Me be one gentilhomme François;
Me not know vat you call de teef,
Hear de affair, and den belief;
De mama pig, and children six,
Me own, did my attention fix;
So to dis little pig—I say
Come live wid me a month, I pray;
Then English me did tink he speak,
For he cried out—a week! a week!
Well, I reply, de time's but small,
I take you for a week, dat's all."

The Nobelist.

No. XVI.

THOR AND LOKE.

(A CELTIC TRADITION.)

The Hercules and Mercury of the Celts set out with a companion named Thialse in search of adventures. They found in a desert a rock hollowed into vast caverns, as they supposed, which, however, afterwards, they were convinced was only the glove which a giant had dropped. After several such strange events, they entered a city, whose gates and edifices proved that it was inhabited by a race immensely gigantic. The King of the place proposed, according to the custom of those days, that each of the three strangers should give a specimen of his skill in some art or exercise. Loke chose to exert his powers in eating, but he was foiled by an adversary, who not only consumed the meat that was provided for the contest, but also every bone. Thor, whose abilities as a drinker were affirmed to be invincible, found himself unable to empty a horn of liquor which was provided for him; and Thialse, though celebrated for swiftness, was easily vanquished by a puny antagonist. Thor met with two more

uncommon humiliations: he was unable to lift from the ground the King's favourite cat, and was brought, in a wrestling match with a toothless old woman, to bend one knee to the ground.

These repeated foils to divinities of such vast power, must have been utterly unaccountable without the help of magic; and magic among the Celts was allowed to rival the power of their deities. In consequence, the King of the Giants, after having amused himself by ridiculing the travellers unmercifully, treated them with a hospitable meal, and having, under pretence of doing them honour, accompanied them out of his city gates—"Now," said he, "it is time to clear up all these mysteries. As to you, Loke, you are not to wonder that you were out-eaten by your antagonist. It was fire which rivalled you in gluttony, therefore the bones were as easy to destroy as the flesh. You, Thialse, could not be capable of out-stripping thought, and it was thought that you had to contend with. You, Thor, were ignorant that the horn at which you pulled so lustily was supplied by the sea, which was actually diminished by your astonishing draught. In your second contest, what your fascinated eyes took for my cat was the world, which, by your vast strength, you actually succeeded in moving. As to the apparently decrepit old woman, with whom you wrestled to some disadvantage, it was no other than *death*, who never before met with a being who could resist her powers." After this *dénouement*, the Sorcerer prudently thought proper to vanish, together with his suite, city and all, being justly apprehensive that Thor, who was not fond of being played upon, and who was celebrated for his aversion to the giant tribe, might render the catastrophe, by the help of his club, a little too serious.

J. T. C.

Miscellanies.

SPLENDID FETE AT BALLYGROOGAGH.

Ballygroogagh-house, the hospitable mansion of Timothy O'Mulligan, was graced some time ago by the most elegant festivities, on the happy return of their eldest son from the north of Europe, where he had been *incognito* in the humble guise of cook to a whaler.

The principal entrance to the house was most handsomely decorated for the occasion: on one side was seen a

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neap of manure, shaped like an ancient tumulus, and tastefully ornamented with hanging straws, &c.; on the other side appeared a stagnant pool, whose smooth surface was gently moved by a duck and drake, who muddled through it with uncommon vivacity and spirit: in perspective was seen a turf-kish, around which a pair of trowsers being carelessly thrown, gave a light and graceful finish to the whole scene.

About two o'clock, the approach of company was proclaimed by the distant clatter of wheel-cars; this deep sound, mingled with the finer tones of cur-dogs barking, whipped-children crying, &c. produced a full and mellow volume of the most delightful harmony. The first arrival was that of the dowager Mrs. Fluggins, an eminent *accoucheuse*; she was soon followed by the rest of the expected company, who speedily repaired to a grand rustic saloon, the walls of which were painted *à la soot-drop*.

Here a rich and finely-flavoured beverage was handed round in noble wooden vases, which the charming hostess, with bewitching simplicity, called *broth in noggins*. Dinner was shortly afterwards served up; a *plateau* was dispensed with, but its place was mostly supplied with a fine skate, cooked up in the Turkish fashion, with all its tails; near it a quarter of delicate veal, which had breathed its last sigh after an existence of five hours. On the central dish was placed a male bird, which, during a life of nine years, had increased to such a size as to excite the admiration of the whole company. There were many more rarities, such as are seldom to be met with at the most sumptuous tables.

After dinner some original sentiments and well-selected songs were given, a few of which are the following:

Mr. O'Mullaghan—"A speedy rise to the price of pigs."

Song—"The night that I put the pig under the pot."

Mr. O'Loughlin—"A merry go round to the foot organ."*

Song—"The weary pound of tow."

Mr. M'Dade—"The weaver's harp-sichord."†

Song—"A weaver boy shall be my dear."

When the pleasures of the festive board were concluded, preparations were made for dancing. The orchestra, an antique of the most simple beauty, was an inverted creel, on which a single

minstrel sat, the interest of whose appearance was much heightened by the loss of his left eye. Mr. Patrick O'Mullaghan, disliking the monotony of the waltz, and the vagaries of a quadrille, opened the ball by dancing a jig with Miss Judy Higgins; they were soon followed by Master Charles M'Dade, who floated into a reel with Miss Nancy Fluggins. Dancing was kept up until a late hour, and the elegant revellers parted with mutual regret. We subjoin a description of some of the most admired dresses worn on the occasion, which, from their striking costume, will doubtlessly be the standard for fashionable imitation.

Ladies' Dresses.—Mrs. O'Mullaghan—A loose bed-gown robe of linsey-woolsey, petticoat to match, two-and-sixpenny shawl, thrown with graceful negligence over the shoulders; pin-cushion and scissors suspended from the right side by red tape. Head dress, dowl and skull-cap.

Miss O'Mullaghan—Round gown of striped calico, habit-shirt embroidered *en gobble stitch*. Head dress, band-lettes, of scarlet sixpenny riband.

Miss Nancy O'Mullaghan—A superb old cotton gown, dyed blue for the occasion. Head-dress, crooked horn-comb, and splendid brass bodkin.

Dowager Mrs. Fluggins—Body and train of snuff-coloured stuff, petticoat of deep crimson; the brilliancy of this truly beautiful dress was increased by a pair of large ticken pockets, worn outside of the petticoat. Head dress, a most valuable antique straw bonnet.

Miss Fluggins—A light drapery of plain yellow linen over a sprigged cotton gown, petticoat gracefully sprinkled with pure coloured spots. Head dress, large velveteen band, with a mother-of-pearl button in front; black worsted stockings, *à la Caraboo*.

Gentlemen's Dresses.—Mr. O'Mullaghan—A wallcoat of white druggat, deep blue inexpressibles—wig unpowdered.

Mr. Patrick O'Mullaghan—Jacket and trowsers of blue frize—cravat a blue and white handkerchief.

Mr. Gully—A brown jacket, handsomely patched at the elbows with grey cloth—waist chequer. This gentleman's declining to wear shoes, gave a peculiarly cool and easy freedom to his fine figure.

CHAMOIS HUNTING.

Three hunters were in pursuit of a Chamois on a glacier, which was so

* A spinning-wheel. † A loom.

covered with snow, that it was impossible to see the deep chasms into which, when melting, the water precipitated itself in torrents. The foremost of them was walking over one of these treacherous abysses, when the snow gave way, and the poor fellow disappeared. In spite of his fright, he fortunately retained sufficient presence of mind to throw out his arms and legs, when falling, in such a manner as to remain suspended between two walls of ice, with a view of the torrents roaring as they fell into the horrid gulf beneath him. His comrades, having lost sight of him, began to be apprehensive that he had met with some accident; and on making the signal, previously concerted among themselves, they knew that he was in danger, and required immediate assistance. They returned as speedily as possible to the nearest hamlet, (a good league distant) in quest of cords. Disappointed of finding any, they took a miserable bed quilt, cut it in strips, which they tied together, and flew to the spot where they had left their unfortunate companion, who had continued during all this time in his painful position. They let down the cord they had contrived to make, and which the poor fellow fastened round his body: but oh, horror! at the very moment they had pulled him up to the brink of the precipice, the rope broke, the wretched man fell a second time into the yawning gulf, and to add to his misfortune, broke his arm. His comrades, however, joined the rope, twisted it to make it stronger, and threw it again to their companion, who, notwithstanding the fracture of his arm, fastened it round him, and was at length extricated from his most perilous situation.

MURDERS WITHIN THE TOWER.

In 1092 a violent tempest did great injury to the Tower; but it was repaired by William Rufus and his successor. The first added another collateral building on the fourth side, between it and the Thames, which was afterwards called St. Thomas's Tower: beneath that was Traitor's Gate, through which state prisoners were brought from the river: and under another, properly enough called the Bloody; for, until these happier ages there was little difference between confinement and the scaffold, or private

Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed.

Here fell the meek usurper Henry VI. by the dagger of the profligate Gloucester. Here full of horrors died by the hands of hired ruffians, the unsteady Clarence. Here the sweet innocents, Edward V. and his brother, perished, victims to the ambition of their remorseless uncle. And the empoisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury makes up the sum of the known murders, the reproaches of our ancient fortress. We have here a straight-room, or dungeon, called, from the misery which the unhappy occupier of this very confined place endures, the Little Ease. But this will appear a luxurious habitation when compared with the inventions of the age of Louis XL of France; with his iron cages, in which persons of rank lay for whole years; or his oubliettes, dungeons made in the form of reversed cones, concealed with trap-doors, down which dropped the unhappy victims of the tyrant. Sometimes their sides were plain, sometimes set with knives or sharp-edged wheels: but in either case, the devoted were certain to fall into the land where all things bore little resemblance to that which they left behind.

T. H. A.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE TOMB OF THE LATE DR. JENNER.

Britons! approach, and view with sorrowing eyes
This sacred tomb, where matchless JENNER lies;
The weeping muse can never half proclaim
The benedictions that attend his name;
Nor sum the praises of the wise and just
That crown his honour'd and lamented dust;
Enough for her in mournful strains to tell
That nature sicken'd when she heard his knell,—
That half mankind were rescued through his skill
From black contagion's most inveterate ill—
Found in his genius health and grace repose,
And comforts to alleviate their woes!
Then Britons! here your grateful tears bestow,
And bless the sacred shade that sleeps below!

J. G.

THE HONEST ENGLISHMAN'S WISH.

From bad health, and bad weather, and
 party's dull strife;
 From an insolent miss and a trouble-
 some wife;
 From the kindred of such (or by father
 or mother)
 Who most wisely delight in the plaguing
 each other:
 From noisy companions and brew'd
 tavern wines;
 From the wretch who can cant while he
 mischief designs:
 From the dealers in wit, full of scandal
 and lies;
 From a friend who betrays whilst he
 seems to advise:
 From a wrong-headed race of mean
 narrow-soul'd fools,
 Who are fond of their fleecers, and
 proud of being tools:
 From curses like these, if kind heav'n
 defends me,,
 I will never complain of the fortune it
 sends me.
 May good sense and good nature be my
 honest praise,
 And I envy not great ones the millions
 they raise.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of
 other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

During the French Revolution, a
 nobleman, who was unwilling to com-
 ply with the decree for effacing his arms
 from his carriage, caused a painter to
 surround them with a light cloud,
 through which they still remained visi-
 ble, and underneath he wrote, *it will*
pass over;—the Commandant of the
 district, however, put the carriage
 into the hands of another painter, who
 totally effaced the armorial bearings,
 leaving in their place this motto—*it has*
passed over.

HAYDN.—The celebrated Haydn com-
 posed, from his 18th to his 73d year,
 113 overtures; 163 pieces for the viola
 di Gamba, 20 divertissements for vari-
 ous instruments, 3 marches, 24 trios,
 6 violin solos, 15 concertos for differ-
 ent instruments; 30 services, 83 quar-
 tets, 66 sonatas, 42 duets, 2 German
 puppet-operas (a performance which
 the Empress Maria Theresa was much
 attached to), 5 oratorios, 365 Scotch
 airs, and 400 minuets and waltzes.
 He was born in 1733, and died May,
 1809.

CHARLES THE SECOND.—Soon after
 the Rye-house plot was discovered,
 thinking to be severe on the character
 of his brother, he exhibited a striking
 feature of his own. The Duke, one
 day, returning from hunting with his
 guards, found the king in Hyde Park.
 He expressed his surprise how his Ma-
 jesty could venture his person alone at
 such a perilous time. "James," re-
 plied the King, "take you care of your-
 self, and I am safe. No man will kill
 me to make you king!"

MINOR MISERIES.—Shaving after a
 frosty walk, (when the face is pimpled,
 skin tender, and hand tremulous), with
 cold pump water, hard brush, rosy soap,
 and a blunt razor. Also, shaving with
 a blister behind each of your ears.

A lady requested her servant to call
 at a Library for Bracebridge-Hall and
 Pen Owen; the servant asked for Brace-
 bridge-Hall, and to shew (as he said),
 the particularity of his mistress, in-
 formed the librarian that he had sent
 a pen short in the last quarter of a hun-
 dred. The lady called the next day,
 and was much displeased that Pen Owen
 was not sent; the person that attended
 the library, assured the lady it was not
 asked for, but the servant had made
 the mistake, in saying, that there was a
 pen short, instead of asking for the
 book, Pen Owen.

POETICAL ACKNOWLEDGMENT FOR A BRACE OF WOODCOCKS.

My thanks I'll no longer delay,
 For birds you have shot with such skill,
 But though there was nothing to pay,
 Yet each of them brought in a bill.

I mean not, my friend, to complain,
 The matter was perfectly right,
 And when bills such as these come again,
 I'll always accept them at sight.

LEGACY.

Good Master Tapster, I observe
 Three crosses at your door:
 Hang up your odd, ill-tempered wife,
 And then you will have four.

EPITAPH IN HIGH WYCOMBE CHURCH- YARD.

Death is a fisherman—the world we see
 A fish-pond is, and we the fishes be,
 He sometimes angler-like doth with us
 play,
 And slyly take us—one by one away.

EPITAPH ON A WATCH-MAKER IN ABERCONWAY CHURCH- YARD.

Here lies in an horizontal position,
the 'outside case' of
'Peter Pendulum, watch-maker,'
whose abilities in that line were an
honour to his profession;
integrity was the 'main spring,'
and prudence the 'regulator'
of all the actions of his life.
Humane, generous, and liberal,
his hand never stopped
till he had relieved distress.
So nicely regulated were all his
'motions,'
that he never went wrong,
except when set a-going
by people
who did not know
'his key'—
Even then, he was easily
'set right' again.
He had the art of disposing his time so
well, that his 'hours' glided away
'in one continued round'
of pleasure and delight,
till an unlucky 'minute' putting
a period to his existence,
he departed this life, 'wound up,'
in hopes of being 'taken in hand'
by his 'Maker,'
and of being thoroughly 'cleaned, re-
paired,' and 'set a-going'
in the world to come.

A FRAGMENT.

BY LORD BYRON.

When to their airy halls, my fathers'
voice
Shall call my spirit, joyful in their
choice;
When, pois'd upon the gale, my form
shall ride,
Or, dark in mist, descend the mountain's
side;
Oh! may my shade behold no sculp-
tur'd urns,
To mark the spot where earth to earth
returns;
No lengthen'd scroll of virtue and re-
nown;
My epitaph shall be my name alone:
If that with honour fail to crown my
clay,
Oh! may no other fame my deeds
repay;
That, only that, shall single out the
spot,
By that remember'd, or with that for-
got.

EPIGRAM.

Tom taken by Tim his new mansion to
view,
He observed 'twas a big one, with win-
dows too few.
"As for that," replied Tim, "I'm the
builder's forgiver,
"For taxes 'twill save, and that's good
for the liver."
"True," says Tom, "as you live upon
farthings and mites,
"For the liver 'tis good—but 'tis bad
for the lights."

LASTING WEAR.—A friend was com-
plaining to Colman that he should be
obliged to change his tailor, as he
found that a suit of clothes would not
last him above half the time it ought
to do; and inquired if he could recom-
mend him any place where he could
meet with apparel more durable.—
"Yes," said Colman, "I can recom-
mend you to Chancery, and there you
may have a suit that will last you your
life."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The favours of several old and some
new correspondents have been received,
and are under consideration.

Tom Tobykin in our next.

The Visit to the House of Shak-
speare, sent us by a correspondent, has
been anticipated in No. XIII. of THE
MIRROR; as the inquiry of G. Hayes
has been in No. IV.

We can assure J. W. F. that our
neglect of his pieces has been purely
unintentional; we may, however, ob-
serve, that what is termed *Original*
Poetry, though one of the most nume-
rous classes of contributions, is not the
most acceptable. We shall turn to our
portfolio, and either insert or return his
pieces according to his wish.

"A constant Reader" is quite indig-
nant that we have not noticed his con-
tribution: now, as we have at least a
dozen regular correspondents under
that signature, we must request him to
be more particular in his description.

We thank R. F. for his amusing cor-
respondence; but are not sure how far
we can avail ourselves of his kindness.
We shall, however, give an answer
next week.

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